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PROPOSED ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE SESSION, 1890.
May 13, Mr. J. PERCY BAKER will read a Paper on "The Study of Musical Form," at 8. Students are requested to bring copies of Beethoven's Sonatas with them for reference.

Month	Day	Event
June	3	A Lecture will be delivered by Mr. H. Somers Clarke.
July	1	Lecture at 8 p.m.
"	15	F.C.O. Examination (Paper Work) at 10 a.m.
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"	17	F.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing) at 10 a.m.
"	18	Distribution of Diplomas at 11 a.m.
"	22	A.C.O. Examination (Paper Work) at 10 a.m.
"	23	A.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing) at 10 a.m.
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"	25	Diploma Distribution at 11 a.m.
"	31	Annual General Meeting at 8 p.m.

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ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—MADAME ADELINA PATTI
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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1890.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

Certain people are much exercised just now as to the future of the Laureateship, and are busily discussing the relative chances of Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Lewis Morris as successors to Lord Tennyson. It is useless to suggest that it is not exactly proper to discuss the question yet, for though we all wish that Lord Tennyson may hold the office for many years to come, it is idle to ignore the fact that the rival claims will have to be settled sooner or later. Apparently the race lies between the two writers named, for no one supposes that Mr. William Morris would accept the post, even if it were offered to him; and Mr. Robert Buchanan, Mr. Austin, and Sir Edwin Arnold are all out of the running. There was a time when Mr. Swinburne seemed equally impossible; but that was in his fiery days, when his poems, which well nigh scorched the reader with their white heat of passion, were shocking to Mrs. Grundy and her virtuous retinue. The days of "Chastelard," of "Dolores," and, "Songs before Sunrise" are past, however, and Mr. Swinburne has become "respectable." Mr. Lewis

Morris's claims are hardly to be discussed seriously, at all events by those who regard the Laureateship as an office which should only be held by the greatest poet of his generation. For his title to consideration is but this; that in a dream he visited Hades—the Hades of classic lore; and unfortunately returned to tell young ladies of what he had beheld. The volume wherein he related his infernal experiences was such that one felt that, if its merits were in any degree significant of the interest of its subject, Hades must be a much duller place than anyone had supposed. Indeed, if Quevedo had lived to-day it is probable that he would have added "The Epic of Hades" to his list of the punishments inflicted on the wicked in the nether world. So that no one can think with equanimity of Mr. Lewis Morris decked with the laurels from Tennyson's sublime brow. Wherefore we come back to Mr. Swinburne, comforted by the remembrance that, like Lord Randolph Churchill, his next proceeding is sure to be startling. Who knows but that, when once settled in the Laureate's chair, he might not suddenly revert to his older style, and startle a decorous Court with some revolutionary chant?

Some curious statements were made at the meeting of the members of the Nottingham Sacred Harmonic Society. Into the details of the balance-sheet presented by the secretary of this excellent society we have neither the right nor the intention of entering. But those interested in gauging the musical taste of provincial amateurs may care to puzzle their brains over the following facts: During the past season four concerts were given, the works performed being "The Rose of Sharon," "The Messiah," the "Elijah," and Gounod's "Faust," a concert recital of the latter only being put forward. It is the financial results of these various performances which seem curious. On Dr. Mackenzie's work there was a loss of £76 4s. 6d.; and profits of £42 3s. on "The Messiah," of £17 3s. 1d. on the "Elijah," and of £56 3s. 5d. on "Faust." The two extremes of musical opinion in Nottingham, therefore, were represented during the past year by Dr. Mackenzie's graceful if unequal oratorio and Gounod's masterpiece; while it may be remarked in passing that the performance of this great opera shows a commendable catholicity on the part of a society avowedly constituted for the presentation of "sacred" music. We shall leave to others the task of solving the problems here set; adding only that we cannot confess any great grief at the tendency apparent on the part of the public to regard Mendelssohn's work with less extravagant, but therefore more accurate, enthusiasm than has hitherto been bestowed on it.

The artists who believe that the whole duty of the critic is to "gush"—and there are many who hold this interesting, if erroneous, belief—will be gratified to know that in Washington, D. C., there is a critic who is sensible of the duties demanded in the vocation to which Providence—or whatever less dignified power it be which brought the despised race into being—has called him. It appears that in the western town wherein resides this enthusiastic person—which his name is Arnold W. Meyer—there is an amateur orchestra, and that at a concert recently given by it one Anton Glœtzner played the "Emperor" concerto; and this is how Mr. Arnold W. Meyer describes the performance:

A musician! A musicianly conception! An artist! The masterly technique which interpreted for his personal enjoyment of the task all of the minute sweet delicacies of that strange, tender spirit, Beethoven! How to describe such an Adagio? Call it Beethoven's prayer! When at eventime in Summer, midst mountains, woods, and rills, the birds their even-song do carol, and the insects hum and thrum away the thoughts that fret

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the heart, and the gentle flowers neath his feet bid dewdrops fall from glistening eyes of him, who lived so near to God and bids him breathe his thanks to Him for beauty shown in all His works; save man, whose brightness, marred by sin, did sorrow bring to that high soul—yes, that soul—Beethoven. No harsh note from the music did disturb such reverie of the hearer; only in the run of thirds-sixths the playing might have been a trifle more portamento, not so staccato. The third movement is one of joy, and it makes one feel joyous to know that in the capital of our blessed land artists and amateurs come together like true Christians on the same platform, and the best part is that these American amateurs are worthy of such company.

Evidently American critics are worthy of the sweet society described in these last lines. Whether this be altogether matter for congratulation we shall not attempt to decide. The high soul of Mr. Arnold W. Meyer—yes that soul—may, *perhaps*, understand Beethoven; but it certainly does not understand English.

* *

The last rehearsal of the Crystal Palace Choir was signalised by an interesting ceremony; a silver salver, which had been purchased by subscription, being then presented to Mr. Manns as a mark of the esteem in which the famous conductor is held by the singers whom he has directed for so many years with such pre-eminent ability. The presentation was made by Mr. W. R. Jackson in a short but effective speech, which well expressed the justly general admiration with which Mr. Manns is regarded. Mr. Manns replied with equal brevity and point, thanking the choir for their wholly unexpected kindness, and saying that he hoped the connection which had for so long been a source of gratification to him might continue for many years to come. And so say all of us.

* *

Dr. Silvanus P. Thompson sends us the following correction of an inaccuracy contained in one of our announcements last week:

SIR: There is a slip in your announcement on p. 343 of my forthcoming paper at the Physical Society on Dr. Koenig's Researches on the Physical Theory of Music on May 16th. The hour of meeting of the society is five o'clock, not six. May I add an expression of the hope that there will be many musicians present to welcome on the occasion of his visit to London one who has done so much as Dr. Koenig has for acoustical science.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

SILVANUS P. THOMPSON.

We share Dr. Thompson's hopes for a full and representative meeting. It would indeed be a pity if an occasion of such interest were to pass unnoticed by English musicians.

* *

A well-known German has recently published a volume of interesting reminiscences, in which is to be found a tale divertingly significant of the practical nature of many German artists. The story sets forth that a certain Baron X once boasted that he would make the acquaintance of a lady singer then very popular in Frankfurt, but who was remarkably reserved and inaccessible. Accordingly he sent her three bracelets, accompanied by the following note:—"Baron X can find no words eloquent enough to express his admiration; a little souvenir must be his interpreter; but not knowing if Miss Cabotina prefers rubies, emeralds or turquoises, the Baron takes the liberty of sending three bracelets, and will give himself the pleasure of calling at two o'clock to hear which of the three has the good fortune to carry off the palm." The plan was ingenious, but the lady was still more so, for she sent back this reply:—"As I like the bracelets equally, I shall keep them all three, and Baron X need, therefore, not trouble himself to call personally.—ANGELINA CABOTINA." It is to be presumed that Baron X remained an unknown quantity, so far as Angelina was concerned.

The misprints that occur in musical journals are always entertaining, but we doubt if any more delightful instances of printers' carelessness have been recorded than two which have occurred in recent issues of American papers. Speaking of an organ recital, one journal quoted, as amongst the pieces played, the "Carotte" from "Mignon"! Perhaps the writer was thinking of Mignonne; and so his imagination wandered on in the ways of the less romantic but more useful kitchen-garden. A second waxed learned about Wagner, and spoke of "Isolde's great area." Did our contemporary suppose that Tristan was a policeman?

* *

Madame Nordica is recognised by every amateur and critic as an artist of singular ability, but, if an American musical paper is to be believed, she is possessed of remarkable talents which are unconnected with her musical life. The gifted singer, says our contemporary, "has a beautiful home just out of London, surrounded by a large garden. When she is in it she keeps house, weeds and trims her flower beds, entertains company, hunts, rides, sails, and plays tennis." Verily the sweet-voiced lady is a many-sided genius—or her house and garden are phenomenally large, even for Fitzjohn's Avenue. We do not quite gather whether it is in the house or in the garden that she hunts and sails, but it is obviously in one or the other. We shall not be surprised after this to hear that Madame Nordica keeps a pack of hounds, or that she is having a yacht built wherewith to sail a race for the American cup—in her garden.

* *

There is in Philadelphia a pianist who rejoices in the name of Miss Clara Smashey. We fancy that the lady has a good many relatives in the pianistic world, but for the most part they have changed their name. It is gratifying, however, to learn that Miss Smashey has no sympathy with "the thumping style" of playing.

* *

We understand that Mr. Edward Heron Allen, author of "Violin making as it was and is," "The Ancestry of the Violin," "Prodges versus Chanot," "A Fatal Fiddle," &c., has in the press a work entitled "De Fidiculis Bibliographia: being the basis of a bibliography of the violin and all other instruments played on with a bow in ancient and modern times; catalogue raisonné of all books, pamphlets, magazines, and newspaper articles, book and dictionary extracts, dramas, romances, poems, methods, instruction books, and theoretical and scientific works relating to instruments of the violin family hitherto found in private or public libraries or referred to in existing works on the subject." The work will be published by Messrs. Griffiths, Farran, Okeden, and Welsh, and is being issued by subscription. There will be two editions, a large paper one and the ordinary one.

* *

We have received from the firm of Charles Scribner's Sons (New York) a new edition of Dr. Frédéric Louis Ritter's work "Music in America." The well-known musical director of Vassar College has done his utmost to make the present work as exhaustive as need be, and a fairly complete account of the history of music in America from the psalm-singing of the early Puritans down to the performances of German opera at New York in these days will be found in the pages of this work, to which we shall return shortly.

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The pupils of Miss Annie Stocken, Brixton School of Music, gave a concert recently in aid of the Arabella Goddard Fund, and were able to forward to Messrs. Chappell and Co. the sum of £12 15s.

The opening reception of the Princes' Concert Society will be held by the President, the Earl of Lathom, and the Council, in their Galleries, Piccadilly, on Friday next, the 16th. The musical arrangements will be under the direction of Mr. F. H. Cowen, who will conduct a picked orchestra, and who has secured the services of some of the best singers available. M. Johannes Wolff will be the solo violinist, and the band of the 2nd Life Guards will also perform. This entertainment promises to be one of the most socially interesting events of the season.

Messrs. A. Pollitzer, A. Raimo, and L. Denza are now the Directors of the London Academy of Music. There will, we understand, be no departure from the lines on which the institution was conducted for so many years by the late Dr. Wyld, but Signor Albanesi, Herr Carl Weber, and Mr. Sharpe, of the Royal College of Music, have been added to the teaching staff. It is impossible to doubt that under such able directors the Academy will maintain its high standard of efficiency. The annual Students' Concert will take place on June 5 at St. James's Hall.

We are glad to hear encouraging reports from Leipzig of the success there achieved by Mr. George H. Moon, of Plymouth, a young pianist, who has just completed his fifth year of study in the Conservatoire. At a recent concert he played the Mendelssohn concerto in D minor with such marked ability as to win high praise from one of the most severely critical audiences in the world. Mr. Moon seems destined to an honourable career.

An exceptionally interesting programme has been arranged for Miss Marguerite Hall and Mr. William Nicholl's Third Recital in the Steinway Hall on Tuesday evening. Mr. Henschel's "Serbesches Liederspiel" will be given, with the assistance of Mrs. Henschel and Mr. Hayden Bailey; and songs by Dvůrák, Schubert, Beethoven, and Bizet are promised. Besides which, M. Johannes Wolff will play.

We are unable to do more than record briefly that on Wednesday morning the Prince of Wales opened the Military Exhibition at Chelsea, the ceremony being attended by a large number of the great of the earth, and in so far prophetic of the support which should be extended to so interesting an enterprise. We shall speak more fully of the exhibition—and especially of the musical department—on an early occasion.

One need not be a prophet to foresee a crowded and enthusiastic audience to welcome Madame Patti at the concert which Mr. Kuhe will give in the Albert Hall on Wednesday. In addition to the great *diva* herself, Mme. Patey, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Iver McKay, Signor Foli, and M. Johannes Wolff are announced to appear.

Our readers may be reminded of the fact that Madame Della Valle's third annual concert will take place in Princes' Hall this (Saturday) evening at 8:0, when Miss Macintyre, Miss Maria Petich, Miss Louise Bourne, Signor D'Andrade, M. Nachez, and Mr. Gustave Ernest will, with several others, take part.

On orchestral concert will be given by Mme. Madeline Schiller on Saturday evening next in Princes' Hall, under the conductorship of Mr. Henschel, who, with his wife, will also contribute vocal solos. The lady should not lack a large audience.

Miss Isabelle Thorpe-Davies will give her second annual concert in the Steinway Hall on Wednesday evening next, with the assistance of, amongst others, Misses Marianne and Clara Eissler, Mr. Arthur Oswald, and Signor Tito Mattei.

Our readers will be glad to learn that a translation of Wagner's letters to Uhlig, Fischer, and Heine will shortly appear from the pen of Mr. J. S. Shedlock. The work will be published by Mr. Grevel.

The Richter Concerts will be resumed on Monday next at 8:30, a simple statement which needs no detail to enhance its effectiveness.

We understand that Mr. Ferdinand Praeger is at work upon an opera the libretto of which has been supplied by Mr. Sutherland Edwards.

Herr Stavenhagen has been appointed Court pianist to the Imperial Court of Berlin.

Mr. James G. Syme has been appointed secretary to the Royal Academy of Music.

MUSIC AS AN EXPRESSION OF THE EMOTIONS.

The Ven. Archdeacon Sinclair, B.D., delivered a lecture interspersed with musical illustrations on Tuesday evening last to the members and friends of the Westminster Orchestral Society at the Westminster Town Hall on "Music as an Expression of the Emotions."

The lecturer said it was not easy to answer the question why music had so deep and powerful an effect upon our minds. Why was it that arrangements of notes and chords had such extraordinary powers over us? Before a satisfactory answer could be attempted it was necessary to define emotion. Emotion was the same thing as feeling—was a sensation before it had taken the form of thought. The emotions came to us through the five senses, and every instant of our consciousness was filled with various emotions. Emotions sometimes produced thought, but thought was conscious reflection upon the emotions; and the emotions were too multitudinous for thought to be able to reflect upon even a fraction of their surging varieties. A sensation was made upon one of our five senses, and the consciousness of it was conveyed to the brain by the nerves. This sensation was instantaneously arranged by the brain according to the force of habit previously repeated millions of times, and according to the subtle working of association. Thus the mind became conscious of warmth or cold, and in a similar way of grief and joy; and these emotions developed into definite thoughts. Of certain definite thoughts some kinds of music could be the exponent; but emotions were indefinite, and it was with them in their undeveloped state that music was most clearly linked. There was also an emotional region—not so clear and distinct as thought—in which we consciously or unconsciously passed the whole of our time, from whence grew our thoughts, and in which took place a never-ceasing and endless succession of feelings—some simple, some highly complex, and most of them ephemeral. The lecturer then showed that the chief properties of the emotions were: elation and depression, velocity, intensity, variety, and form, all of which were present in complex emotions, and one or more in simple emotions; and that all these properties were contained in music, which was therefore peculiarly adapted for their propagation and transmission.

Some of the simpler emotions were to a great extent caused by mere intensity of contrast occasioned by transition from one state to another; such were Novelty, Surprise, and Wonder. The unexpected attracted immediate attention and caused surprise, and when the unexpected presented itself in a very high degree or in very noble form it produced wonder. Transition from one state of consciousness to another also produced what might be termed "rebounds" of emotion; such were the sense of liberty after restraint, the sense of power after consciousness of incapacity or impotence. All these effects were common in music, and we often felt elated or depressed by some tonal transition.

Music lent itself naturally to the expression of terror. The emotion of terror originated in the apprehension of coming evil; its characteristics were a peculiar form of pain and misery closely related to agitation and excitement, the production of the more active and manly energies, and the exercise of a certain predominant idea on the mind. Schubert's setting of the "Erl King" and some of the choruses in Spohr's "Last Judgment" were fine examples of the power possessed by music to portray varying phases of terror. Music, however, had its widest sphere in the tender emotions, but it was here that it ran its greatest danger. So strongly was this felt by Plato that he forbade the teaching of all music that was not of a martial character or stimulating to courage and vigour; and there was undoubtedly a great moral responsibility on composers on account of their wonderful powers of rousing our passions, stimulating our desires, or filling us with ravishing feelings of delicious but languid sentiment. One whole school of music, the Italian, had degenerated into exactly the condition Plato had dreaded. The divorce of religion in Italy from morals and intellect, combined with the fiery passionateness of the Italian nature and the enervating influence of the climate, had produced the taste for Italian opera, a style of composition that was artificial, sentimental, and frequently immoral. It was not surprising therefore that the healthy common sense of the English character had gradually ceased to feel interest in this mass of artificial sentimentalism, and that the taste for the more robust and intellectual music of Germany had taken its place. In the wide and romantic field of courtship, the love of the youth for the maid, the devotion of the man to the woman, music became expressive in an infinite degree. The lecturer said he did not merely refer to the almost endless number of love-songs—still less to those products of second and third-rate composers whose productions seemed alike devoid of meaning, force, and moral fibre—but to the fact that no series of exquisite paintings or productions of other arts could approach the delicious dreamland of the symphony and the sonata in power of expressing the pure unearthly idyllic devotional feeling of him or her who was possessed by a noble and genuine admiration. All phases of this passion found a ready utterance in music, from the highest joy to the deepest desolation. Amongst emotions of tenderness were the benevolent affections, such as sympathy and the like, but this class of feelings bordered more on the intellectual. They represented emotion already passing into thought, and therefore were not capable of being so fully expressed by music, which in such instances required the help of words. When words and music were happily combined there was absolutely no feeling or state of mind which could not be reproduced by them with probably greater vitality and completeness than the original idea itself. It was only necessary, for instance, to mention such exquisite settings as "Grief for sin" and "Break and die thou dearest heart" in Bach's Passion Music to prove the capability of music to express sorrow.

The feelings of love and admiration passed naturally into friendship and esteem, and as far as they were distinct from love they were akin to our intellectual attributes, and were not the natural subject of musical expression. But how capable music was of illustrating these invigorating and healthful emotions was amply shown in the choral songs of Germany. Wedded to vigorous melodies and bracing harmonies, the student songs were full of life and reality; and the joy of comradeship, the self-forgetfulness of gay student life, the gladness of youthful existence, the healthy, happy homage of fresh hearts for the simple and artless beauty of the graceful maiden, and the pathos of parting when the paths in life diverge, were all far more graphically described and enforced than could be felt by any arrangement of words, however tender and true. Veneration, the religious sentiment, was a blending of the tender emotions with the sentiment of the sublime. "The generic feature of religion was government or authority; its specific difference being that the authority was that of a Supernatural Rule." It had largely to do with poetic and imaginative emotions, but they must all take their complexion from this one central idea. The composition of religious feeling was expressed in the well-known combination, "wonder, awe, and love." Hence the main characteristic of religious music was dignity and majesty. There could be little that was light in it—nothing that was flippant, and in the illustrations of sacred words by Handel, Spohr, and Mendelssohn music as an expression of the emotions rose far above all other arts.

Mr. Haweis had said that the less music depended on words the more pure was its expression of emotion; but this was only true when the emotion was simple, vague, and in the realms of imagination rather than those of fact. Instrumental music could delineate certain states of sentiment better than they could be represented by words; but as the emotions grew

more distinct, approached thought and the place of the intellect, so words became absolutely indispensable. An oratorio without words might be a work of great beauty, but it would lose nine-tenths of its force. The music in a cathedral affected us most when we knew or heard the words being sung. Haydn's canzonet, "My mother bids me bind my hair," was a lovely melody, but its pathos was greatly intensified by acquaintance with the accompanying words.

In conclusion, the lecturer said three living agents were necessary to the expression of emotion in music—the composer, performer, and listener, and each had his part to fulfil. It was not necessary that the composer should conceive some definite scheme of emotion before writing. Music was his master rather than his servant. The true composer was seized by the spirit of melody and harmony, and it carried him away whithersoever it would. But the character of his compositions would depend on the amount and quality of his genius and on the purity and loftiness of his own aims and character. Real music always expressed something. Sometimes the composer would be directly conscious of the suggestiveness of what he was composing; at other times he would not. If he had thrown his heart and soul into his music the joys and sorrows and experiences of that heart would come out of what was the product of his own life. The executant also must give the best of his own individuality. He must, as deeply as he can, study the life and character and mode of thought of the composer, and, as far as possible, enter into his place; and then he must determine for himself what was the true soul of the music. The nobler and purer his own life, the deeper his own thoughts, the keener his sympathies—the greater his power to reproduce the pure ideality of the music he interpreted. Concerning the listener, there were different planes of emotion; the blunt soul would feel very little, while the soul that was open to all that was beautiful, that was desirous of seeing and learning the meaning of things, would feel very much. Here, especially, to the pure all things were pure; to the thoughtful all things were full of suggestion; to the tender all things were full of the beauty of affection; to the imaginative were opened the enchanted realms of fancy and ideality. To enjoy music thoroughly required no less training than to be able properly to appreciate a perfect picture or a noble character.

The lecture, which was most attentively listened to by a numerous audience, was happily illustrated by an appropriate selection of various vocal excerpts artistically performed by Miss Marian Ellis and Mr. John Gritton, and pianoforte pieces admirably played by Mr. C. Stewart Macpherson, A.R.A.M.

CLAVICULAR v. ABDOMINAL BREATHING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: My remarks on Mr. Josiah Richardson's article were, perhaps, unnecessarily severe, while my mode of expression may have been too didactic; and, therefore, in so far I must apologise for having ruffled his feelings. I have again read his article, and must repeat that it is, if not misleading, at least confusing. I will quote a few sentences:—"There seems no doubt but that the clavicular mode of breathing favours rapid inspiration. . . . It requires a distinct effort of will to avoid clavicular breathing when a sudden demand is made for breath. . . . Further, in regard to the air force possible to expiration, clavicular breathing is decidedly superior. . . . The possible force of expiration is more quickly developed in clavicular than in abdominal breathing. In the former the singer can, almost from the first, produce a powerful expiration; while in the latter this can only be done after some lengthy practice." These sentences certainly would have a tendency to confuse an ordinary reader, and nine out of ten vocalists are ordinary readers, being practically ignorant of the construction of their vocal organs. To be sure, Mr. Richardson thereafter mentions the "drawbacks which act as a decided set-off to the points of vantage"—in which case they can hardly with propriety be called points of "vantage." To wind up this point, I will quote the following from a work by Messrs. Behnke and Browne, whom Mr. Richardson will, of course, regard as authorities on the voice:—"The combined forms of midriff and of rib-breathing constitute the right way, and the collar-bone breathing is totally wrong and vicious, and should not, in a state of health, be made use of under any circumstances." I will let these gentlemen fight it out among themselves, and satisfy myself with quoting from Guttman, who has written undoubtedly the very best work on the subject:—"Inspiration should be performed

solely with the inspiratory muscles (the diaphragm and the intercostal ribs), the nostrils to be used only as openings for the passages of the air."

With regard to the "double entry of breath through the nose and mouth referred to by Mr. Garry," I have read my letter again, and find nothing of the kind in it. All inhaling *must* be through the nose *alone*; and Mr. Richardson who, as a lecturer and writer on the voice, is, of course, acquainted with the construction and movements of the various parts of the organs of speech, must know that inhaling through the nose not only must not be "discarded," as he declares in his article it must sometimes be, but that inspiration need never be taken "through the mouth."

Yours faithfully,

RUPERT GARRY.

49, Torrington-square, W.C.
May 5, 1890.

THE "TEACHERS' ORGANISATION AND REGISTRATION BILL."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: As Sir Richard Temple, Sir Lyon Playfair, Viscount Lymington, and Sir A. Rollit have the introduction of the above Bill into the House of Commons, I beg to place before them, through you, the following points respecting that branch of teaching I have the honour to represent and defend.

Students of song may be divided into (1) Professional, (2) Amateur. I am not writing this against the ordinary general musical practitioner who deals with the amateur element. There are those who want to learn to sing, who have voice enough, who want no more, and are content. I have dear friends amongst their guides, and I would not write one word that might give them pain. But I am writing for an enquiry into the methods of those who undertake to train voice for a profession either (1) as singers, (2) as actors, (3) as users of voice in pulpit, platform, or school-room. These may be divided into (A) professors who have musical voices and can sing, (B) professors who have bad and ugly voices and who cannot sing. As regards Class A, the following questions arise:—

(1) Is the musical quality of their voices the result of a retention of natural law? If so, this is Nature, not Knowledge. To give an illustration: A healthy man does not require physic; but the possession of health does not qualify him to take a position as consulting physician: the restitution of health to the unhealthy demands a knowledge of diseases and their remedies.

(2) Is this quality the result of observation, experiment, and correction by imitation? If so, this is talent not knowledge, and the same objection holds.

(3) Is this beauty of voice the result of direct instruction from a properly qualified teacher? If so, (a) by whom taught, (b) how taught, and (c) why taught so?

Class B are those who have bad and ugly voices, and are divided into (1) those who have never learned, (2) those who have been falsely trained, and so have ruined their own voices.

Those in subdivision 1 are quacks and charlatans pure and simple, and should be exposed by prosecution.

Those in subdivision 2 are less culpable, although equally injurious: they teach to others the very evils that have been the cause by their own failure.

Bearing on this subject, we have authors divisible into—

1. Those who teach truth and falsely explain it.
2. Those who teach falsehood and rightly explain it.
3. Those who teach falsehood and falsely explain it.
4. Those who teach truth and rightly explain it.

If Sir Richard Temple and those associated with him will take into consideration these points affecting musical and oratorical art they will confer a great benefit on those who in the future desire to learn of competent instructors. As Mr. Ruskin says, "Where two men are trying to do the same thing with the same materials and do it in different ways, one of them is wrong."

I am, Sir,

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES LUNN.

"THE ARTIST AND HIS CRITICS."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: The writer of the article complains that I have not quite grasped the drift of his argument. He accuses me of juggling with words: he considers my apology (as he calls it) for the critics a "poor" one. I could say much in reply, but that might call forth another letter, and so we might go on trying to grasp each other until we received notice that no further correspondence on the matter would be published. But I should like to protest once more, and, I expect indeed for the last time, against the bitter unreasonableness of the writer's remarks concerning critics: his animus against them comes out still more strongly in his last communication.

"If," he says, "another Beethoven came to-day, the so-called 'educated' critics of the present time would revile him, as critics of all times have reviled everything original and lofty." It is easy enough to make a sweeping assertion of this kind, but it is not a true one. Shinko, in the "*Dramaturgische Monate*," 1790, writing about "Don Giovanni," speaks of the music "so full of force, majesty, and grandeur." And again he says:—"Mozart is no ordinary composer." Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in C minor, produced in 1804, is mentioned by a contemporary critic as: "One of the most important works of the distinguished master." I could fill many a column with notices of a similar kind, but even these which I quote, and which have been selected for brevity's sake, ought to make a writer ashamed, thus to vilify critics "of all times." I pointed out in my last letter how some critics were incapable, and how others were unable to receive the message of genius in its fulness; however the former do not enter into the argument, and, in the latter, qualified praise is not revilement. My opponent—for so I suppose I must call him—insists once more on creative genius being necessary to a critic—creative genius, indeed, equal to that of the artist whom he criticises. But I submit that creative artists are too emotional to judge, although they may be—and indeed for the most part are full of likes and dislikes. A critically gifted person does not *suppress* his emotions, but *controls* them. Creative artists would both praise and blame with intensity—"I feel this is beautiful," "I feel this is hideous," they would say. The *nascitur-non-fit* critic also feels; but he is in the habit of comparing, and so far as in him lieth gives a reason for his opinions. According to the measure of his intellect so, of course, is the measure of his judgment. Critics are not infallible, but they have not "always been wrong and unjust."

But our writer at last lets out a secret. His real cause of anger against the critics arises from the fact that they are given to fault-finding. He knows "nothing more despicable than the constant exposure of the few weak points in the characters of our noblest men, while their myriad grand traits, their love of truth, their honesty and inflexibility of purpose, their warmth of heart, and enthusiasm for what is fine are almost never touched upon." I cannot compliment the writer, as he did me, on his "moderation of tone," nor on his moderation of words. He is critic-blind. He probably only reads half of a criticism, and the half becomes a whole in his mind. Or he has only met with "critic-flies" of the most contemptible kind. It is the partial truth contained in the sentence just quoted that makes it so misleading, so mischievous. But whatever faults critics may have—and they are no better, and perhaps worse than other men—they are not so black as he has painted them.

Here is our writer's advice to critics—"Let them leave what is bad, and only hold up to public view what is true and fine: the bad will soon disappear of itself."

This is bad advice. Were critics to follow it they would be doing only half their duty. Our author is indeed sanguine in supposing that the bad would soon disappear of itself. Those best acquainted with the weaknesses of humanity would consider it rather a dangerous experiment. It might do for an intelligent minority merely to hold up what is true and fine, but the public generally need to be told what to avoid as well as what to follow. It would, no doubt, be comforting to some artists to find only their good points mentioned, but surely great artists would suspect the critic who saw only good in their works, for they best know the imperfection of all things human. Praise and blame must go hand in hand, and only the critic who knows when to award the one and when the other is a guide who properly understands the responsibility of his position.

Yours truly,

FESTINA LENTE.

The Organ World.

M. SAINT-SAENS ON THE ORGAN.

M. Camille Saint-Saëns has lately been defending himself against some accusations concerning his orchestral treatment of the organ in his performances and compositions. He says:—

"The modern organ has been adopted in England but for a short time. The English, like the Germans, are a little in the situation of a man who would have continued to play upon the *clavecin*, and yet found himself face to face with a modern pianist armed with a concert-grand piano. He would certainly find that it was no more the *true style* of the *clavecin*. The *true style* of an instrument is not this or that conventional style, but that which brings into play the best resources of the instrument.

"When the organ is played in the manner of certain mediocrities, which consists exclusively of a few little easy and vulgar effects, one departs from the 'true organ style.' On the other hand, classic organists who disdain to display the marvellous effects of modern instruments, and are content to play fugues, drawing out all the registers of the organ at once, do not make music, but a confused noise, in which it is often impossible to distinguish anything. If the fugue style, with pedal obligato, is what agrees best with the organ, it is on the condition that the performance shall always be clear and intelligible, which is obtained by varying the *timbres*, by passing, according to requirements, from one clavier to the other; but then, for lovers of tradition, this is no more the *true organ-style* than are orchestral effects."

There is, of course, much truth in these remarks, though in common with others of the same nationality M. Saint-Saëns appears somewhat ignorant of English progress; moreover the comparison between the development of the piano and the organ is scarcely a happy one. The piano has developed a sustaining power and responsiveness which has revolutionised this class of composition since the days of its progenitor, the *clavecin*; but no such important changes have taken place in the organ; the production of its tones are practically the same, and the touch of its keyboard is as unresponsive to the varying emotions of the performer as it was a hundred years ago; consequently the genius of the organ remains the same, and therefore its chief strength must be in the same style of music, *i.e.*, contrapuntal. Undoubtedly the modern organ when cleverly manipulated can, in certain isolated passages, reproduce with great fidelity corresponding orchestral tone, but in proportion as the organist endeavours to imitate the full orchestra the likeness deteriorates, because it is impossible to reproduce the *balance* of orchestral tone. However many orchestral stops an organ may contain, and however perfect the imitation to their respective originals may be, it is obviously impossible to produce the effect of a single full orchestral chord unless each stop had an independent key board and the organist had a finger for each. With such a magnificent instrument as the modern organ—an instrument, moreover, which can produce effects which no combination of other instruments can equal—surely it may be asked is imitation necessary? Let the organ builder imitate orchestral instruments by all means, and produce pipes of manifold variety of tone colour, but let the organist first consider the genius of his instrument, study to use it in the most effective manner, and to make it the expositor of his ideas. Such a performer will do greater justice to the organ and more for the progress of this branch of the art than the most ambitious imitatory effects which, as such, can only at best but gain a secondary place in the esteem of the artistic.

COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS.

On Tuesday evening Dr. C. W. Pearce read a well-thought-out and valuable paper on "The New Theory in Acoustics." The lecturer dealt at length with the nature of force in the abstract, and with much clearness gave reasons going to disprove the "wave theory." He pointed out that the new doctrine did not disturb some great and accepted discoveries—as, for instance, Helmholtz's theory regarding tone-quality. Mr. G. A. Audsley added to the lecture some able observations, and presented some curious and remarkable experiments in justification of the new theory. The large and interested company seemed to arrive at the opinion that we were probably about to gain new and valuable information regarding the

science of acoustics. The speakers, taking various views, included the able chairman, Mr. C. E. Stephens, Dr. C. Vincent, Messrs. Hermann Smith, Dallas, Hopper, Broadhouse, &c. The proceedings lasted until nearly eleven o'clock, and throughout a profound interest was shown in the subject. Next Tuesday Mr. J. Percy Baker will lecture on "Musical Form." Students are requested to bring Beethoven's Sonatas for reference.

NOTES.

The last of the Birmingham Town Hall organ recitals was given on Saturday last by Dr. Bridge, Mus. Doc., organist of Westminster Abbey and Gresham Professor of Music. There was an enormous attendance, the hall being crowded in every part, even the orchestra having to be called into requisition to accommodate the throng. The great popularity which Dr. Bridge enjoys had a great deal to do with the success of the last recital, but the reduction of the prices of admission no doubt also proved an important factor in the matter. Dr. Bridge's playing was masterly in every respect, and he was most enthusiastically received.

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On Ascension Day the "Elijah" will be performed at St. John's Church, Waterloo-road, when all the seats will be free. Mr. H. J. B. Dart, A.C.O., will preside at the organ.

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Dr. Charles W. Pearce gave an organ recital at the Church of the Sacred Heart on the 1st inst. to celebrate the completion of the enlargement of the instrument. The programme included Bach's prelude and fugue in A minor, Guilman's "Grand chœur" in D flat, and an effective sonata and variations on a hymn tune from the Doctor's own pen. The artistic value of the recital was enhanced by the singing by Madame Klanwell in Schubert's "Ave Maria" and other vocal items of interest. There was a very large congregation.

THE SCOTTISH SCHOOL OF COMPOSERS.

There has risen in our midst a Scottish School of Music. It has appeared contemporaneously with a decided new departure in what by more than courtesy we can now call the modern "English School," to which the young Scots so much in evidence form a small but brilliant contingent. The British School, full of promise as it may be, is yet too burn-like to be geographically separated from the main stream of European thought that, musically, in our era, and whatever may have been its original source, is German. As for the Scottish contingent, enough of its work has been heard to suggest questions of decided artistic—and even of educational—interest. It may be asked, is the new Scottish School born of the soil? Is it Celtic? Is it Norse? Has it vitality? What is its direction? Is it impressionist? and further, can there be an impressionist school of music, an art differing in many vital respects from painting? It is not proposed to answer all these questions within the limits of a short article; one point alone—the direction of the new school—is severely debatable, since it depends upon the causes that brought the Scottish School into existence. In this regard some will fix at once upon the spread of middle-class education; but there are causes more probable and even more prosaic than middle-class education. Rails and steamboats are the main agents in cheapening and distributing all commodities, music included. Singing-classes and local concerts do much; but it is the accessibility of Leipzig and London, Paris and Vienna—the going to and fro, even of the few, who in the end leaven the lump—that amongst other things revolutionises the art-views of a nation. Something similar, aided by immigration, is now occurring in the literary and artistic movement in the United States. In the musical comity of nations the sons of Britain at least at home and abroad are, from some reason or another, ceasing to be provincials. In respect to musical education, however essential it may be to sound progress, it requires a long period to develop. Pedagogues are no reformers, and have a tendency to retard rather than create an advance such as within the last few years has been made in music in this country. It is worthy of remark that the Scots as a nation have no musical traditions. We refer, of course, to artistic music. Since the Reformation

they have had no Ritual. They never possessed a national theatre. But they appear to have done very well without either; and when the occasion offers they spring to the front through sheer native energy, intuition, power of initiation, impressionability of temperament, and, not to over-flatter them, it must be added through a desire for intellectual acquisition and excellence amounting almost to a lust. In England we can boast of a respectable school of music and a long line of Church composers dating from at least the sixteenth century. Yet a few years ago no less an authority than his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales told us all plainly that "music as it is known on the Continent did not exist in this country." The professional world, willing, as it said itself, to admit the superiority of "the great Teutonic race"—meaning Bach and Beethoven and the rest—was sorely exercised at the use of the word "Continent," which might be understood to comprehend such places as Italy, and, peradventure, France! The dictum of his Royal Highness was, however, literally accurate, and with certain cheering modifications might be repeated at this day. About the period the Prince was endeavouring to rouse the nation to a sense of its shortcomings in music we remember that the present Earl of Aberdeen presided at a meeting held in London in furtherance of the same object. The principal speaker on the occasion was the late Dr. Hullah, then Her Majesty's Music Inspector of Schools. Dr. Hullah happened to observe that from his experience there were no deficiencies of musical ear and aptitude amongst the inhabitants of these islands. Engrossed in his theme, and apparently unconscious of a greed to think evil, he went on to say—"excepting in Scotland." Lord Aberdeen almost leaped from his seat. The Professor calmly explained that in the Western Highlands and Isles the people never heard any music. How then could they be expected to appreciate music or sing a scale in correct intonation? The point Dr. Hullah had in his mind seems to be the "hearing of music," not simply as a lesson, but as a varying source of inspiration in many an impressionable youth who may be now tending his flock among the hills and glens. He would have been the last to underrate the merit and historic interest of Scottish national music. But this apart, Scotland, like the rest of the civilised world, now pretends to the possession of a soul above tunes. Remembering, as we all do, the flights of Scottish genius in literature and science in other periods, the point in the art-compass to which her newly-excited musical genius will be directed is, and for the present must remain, an interesting subject of speculation. Will her Muse imitate the Swiss and remain, so to speak, Swiss? or, with a higher ambition, will she be satisfied with the same rôle in Britain that Slav, Gipsy, Czech, and Magyar play in German music? Will the Scottish musicians emulate Grieg, at once the most original among the younger composers of Europe and the most provokingly imbued with the spirit of his native land? No one would disparage the charms of national music, and much less the moral and political value of the spirit of nationality when one or the other is not dragged in, irrespective of time, place, and circumstance. At present the nascent Scottish School cannot certainly be accused of any over-fondness for national strains, or for the "Scotch snap." Independently of the legitimate use of local colour when Scottish forms are named, or national subjects openly treated, the young school appears rather to studiously avoid the suspicion of national leanings, and to laboriously imitate the newest fancies from Germany—to eke out a lack of inspiration with elaborate rhythmic figures; to indulge in vocal music that seems suggested by reminiscences of the orchestra; to expect the human voice to attack violin passages with the crispness of the stroke of a violin bow; to chip melodic forms into a mosaic of short phrases; to accompany weak and pale lyrics with harmonic transitions that might musically depict the anguish of a Sappho or the ravings of a Manfred. All that will remedy itself automatically as the composers themselves age with their generation, and the world sickens of the untrue. A more pressing danger is the too persistent choice by the new school of Scottish subjects for musical treatment. Harmless and laudable to begin with, the tendency will grow by indulgence, and eventually overpower the art-instincts of the composer. In that case it becomes a gratuitous or self-imposed limitation to the scope of his genius. Finally his very success invites imitation from others not to the manner born, who soon weary us with stereotyped Swiss or Scotch or Slavonic turns and pedal-drones and other characteristic harmonic devices. Even to-day if we take up a pianoforte rhapsody bearing the name perhaps of some Italian or German composer, and recommended to us as new and original, redolent of "citron and myrtle," and even of classic legend, we are apt to lay it down sadly, with the exclamation "encore Chopin!"

The Dramatic World.

"ESTHER SANDRAZ."

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, 7TH MAY, 1890.

MY DEAR MR. FIELDHOUSE,—

Again have the critics missed an opportunity. I have heard it said—or did I, in some moment of accidental brilliancy, say it myself?—that the public are always the first to discover a new actor, the managers the second, the critics the last: and an easy last.

This is, at all events, often true; and here is another instance of it. On Saturday night there stepped forth a "leading actress," and took her place in the little band—to be counted with much ease on the fingers of one hand, without troubling the superfluous thumb—the band, I mean, to which we in London have to turn whenever a really great part has to be played, in serious drama or the higher comedy. Mrs. Langtry—of whom folks are apt to think nothing because she was once an amateur—showed by her Esther Sandraz, even more conclusively than by her Rosalind, that she is now nothing less than a fine actress: and which of our critics has seen this, and said it in plain words?

Acting is, in this one thing at least, the greatest of all the arts: that it depends more than any other upon one's personality, one's very self, and one's whole self. In it there is no hiding behind the covers of a book, or the canvas on which your picture is painted: you must step forth, it is your own voice that speaks, we can look straight into your eyes. Nor is the stage a place for the glorification of mere disembodied spirit: here the sound sense of mankind, which likes a healthy mind in a healthy body, is allowed its say: and physical gifts have here their full value. (More than their full value, you say? Sometimes, perhaps; but their value is very real and great.)

Therefore one has to speak of actors more personally than of any other artists; and it is only necessary criticism, and not a mere "personality," to say that the remarkable and healthy beauty, in face and figure, of Mrs. Langtry, and her rich and resonant voice, are plainly but the expression of a strong nature. And this is what the stage wants. No amount of care and work will make a great actor, without this vigorous humanity to start with; though many a fine fellow who had it has been wrecked for want of culture, modesty, and patience.

And it must not be forgotten that Mrs. Langtry has had now several years of training in her difficult art; and of that training which makes progress the quickest, though certainly not the most sure and satisfactory—the constant playing of great parts. This has meant a certain loss as well as a gain, no doubt. As Joseph Jefferson pointed out the other day (in one of his delightful articles in "The Century"), without practice in small parts the actor hardly ever gains the finish and certainty which distinguish him—has he but to speak a word—from the amateur; and this, or the luck to meet so wonderful a teacher as Rachel had in Samson, would have been of high value to Mrs. Langtry.

But without it, as she now is, with yet enough of training to fully avail herself of her magnificent natural gifts, Mrs. Langtry has, and in a high degree, the one quality which is essential in a great actress—she is always interesting. This, in a play like "Esther Sandraz" above all others, is the one thing needful, and carries through an ignoble, unlikable story of revenge almost to success. And in passion, though a little lacking as yet in spontaneity—is it from a lingering feeling that "society" objects to the full display

of one's feelings, even if one have any?—there is never a trace of weakness: and how many of our well-meaning actors are unendurable, because their "passion" is weak! (A "weak passion": it is like a pungent gooseberry or a tragic gavotte.)

Her comedy, too, if a little stiff in this play—it was charming in "As You Like It"—gives yet the feeling of underlying humour: which most women lack. So that, altogether, my dear Mr. Fieldmouse, when next you count our "leading ladies" of the London theatres, you may use the thumb: though who is represented by the fourth finger, wild horses—with all their blandishments—should not induce me to confess.

For the play, I honestly cannot judge a play the second time I see it. If I liked it the first time, I too often am a little disappointed; and if I dislike it when I see it again, on the whole, at first, I probably find merits of detail on a rehearsing, which seem to balance faults which I then take for granted and hardly notice. Knowing this, I expected to like "Esther Sandraz" better last Saturday than when, in the autumn, I saw it at a *matinée*—for then, I admit, it did bore me most dreadfully—and like it better I certainly did. Moreover, it was no doubt better acted; a *matinée*—though that of "Esther Sandraz" was exceptionally good—must always be more or less a "scratch" performance.

So I will not attempt to criticise the play, beyond saying that, like all of Mr. Grundy's, it contains some very telling writing, and, like most of Adolphe Bédot's, the story is much "too French," too unsympathetic and risky, for the ordinary English audience. For the acting: Mr. Sugden has been heartily abused for his somewhat phlegmatic lover—and indeed I don't think that lovemaking shows this capital actor at his best—but to me there is always a personality in what he does, a something trenchant in his truly British voice. Mr. Everill was excellent in a comedy part not very well worked into the later scenes of the story: he was so light, so French, so discreet in his humour, which had yet its full effect. Mr. Arthur Bouchier is certainly a surprising novice; if there are many amateurs who are such actors as he, the English stage may hopefully go a-recruiting in the drawing-rooms. Perhaps a little lacking in deep feeling, he was throughout pleasant, dignified, moderate in tone and excellent in elocution. In a little part, Mr. De Lange was firm and droll.

And Miss Marion Lea did much the best piece of work she has yet given us; she seems at length to be conquering the mannerisms which threatened to be altogether fatal to her—and, if she does this, her earnestness and ability should make her a position. Moreover, she was much better dressed than usual; Mrs. Charles Calvert, on the other hand, played well but dressed badly.

And you like to see good dresses well worn, do you not, Mr. Fieldmouse? As does your keen-eyed

MUS IN URBE.

NOTES AND NEWS.

If, among the newspaper *plébiscites* now so common, there were one which should determine what was held by the majority to be the greatest piece of acting of our modern English stage, many votes would surely be given to Mr. Irving's Louis XI.; nor could it, to our thinking, have too many. The play is one which for lack of a better name we may call a melodrama, but Mr. Irving gives us in his acting all that is finest of comedy, with a power and imagination at the end which raise it to tragedy. That death of the old king has always brought to our mind the terrible last scene of Sir Pitt Crawley, in Thackeray's great book: the power of both makes them poetry, they stand among the few Shakespearian things of our age.

"Louis XI." was played unusually well at the Lyceum last Saturday afternoon; so good, indeed, was the Nemours of Mr. Terriss—who made a welcome *reentrée* to his old home—that he may almost be said to have shared the honours of the day with his chief. Another of the powerful body of recruits now being added to the Lyceum *troupe* is Mr. F. H. Macklin, who played excellently as Coitier, the physician.

The few but furious "firstnighters" who above all things love a row excelled themselves at the St. James's last Saturday: they began to hiss and hoot before the curtain rose upon the first piece, and continued so to do throughout the little play. It has been urged in their excuse that the said curtain rose late: but how late? These are the facts. "The Tiger," a new musical farce, was announced to begin at eight o'clock. An overture began at eight, and lasted perhaps ten minutes. Then, after about two minutes, began the overture: that is, the prelude to "The Tiger"—which, as a musical play, began then, every bit as much as a non-musical play begins at the rise of the curtain. But the gods chose to make Mr. Solomon's work inaudible, and did their very best to destroy the nerve of the three actors engaged in the little piece: one of whom, Mr. C. P. Colnaghi, was then—as was well known—making his first appearance on the professional stage. But never did the oldest actor treat an ill-mannered audience with more good-natured contempt: Mr. Colnaghi let them hoot, and sang and acted his best in spite of them. It was, of course, impossible to attempt any judgment of piece or players under the circumstances; and the audience had forfeited its right to condemn the one old actor who appeared before them without knowing his part—for it is quite conceivable that the disturbance may have driven words and all out of his head.

Even at the very verge of Bedford Park There stands a club, and in that club they act Pastorals, and such other pretty plays, As shepherds might, lived sylvan shepherds now. Last Monday, as the moon above the trees Of the long avenue adown the Park Rose peacefully, a sort of artist-folk And writers and such other harmless ones Gathered together, there to hear a quaint "Sicilian Idyll"—'twas a little play By Mr. Todhunter: who well has read Theocritus and Shakespeare—and these, blent With pleasant quaintnesses of modern verse, Have given us this pretty pastoral. Here be swart shepherds clad in leopardskins, And others gentler playing pipes; and maids, Sweet as the Spring or savage with scorned love, And weaving impious charms with Hecate's help. So they sang songs, and danced, and wooed, and died—And quickly came to life again: and all In poesy, in pretty poesy, Spoken with love, with care, before a scene Of trellised pillars Alma-Tademesque And sweet Sicilian landscape (I suppose, Though I have never been to Sicily.) So worthily was won an hour away From the dull needs and troubles of our time; And as we passed we blessed him, who had given E'en for so short a space, to us who need him, That pagan suckled in a creed outworn Whom all have envied. Thank we too the four Who spoke the words—and spoke them faithfully—Our poet wrote for them; and these their names; Miss Lily Linfield and Miss Florence Farr (Their leader she) and her wild shepherd Paget, And him whose name the true Wordsworthian muse should never blush to murmur, though it fill Five pages of the town's directory—Mr. John Smith.

"Theodora," successfully produced at the Princess's on Monday night, may not, in courtesy to the mighty Sardou—nay, nor in justice to Mr. Robert Buchanan and Miss Hawthorne—be dismissed in a couple of lines. So more of her next week.

"She Stoops to Conquer" has not achieved the run it merited at the Vaudeville, where its place is already taken by "Miss Tomboy"; but Saturday evening is to see it revived at the Criterion.

One is glad to know that Mr. Forbes Dawson—the young actor who was lately so ill that people said that he was dead, and obituary notices appeared—had a well-earned benefit at the Lyric Theatre on Tuesday. The afternoon went off extremely well—the better as, for once, all but one of the actors and singers announced were actually able to appear. The *bénéficiaire* was of course very heartily received.





MISS FANNY MOODY.

AS "MIGNON."

From a photograph by CHANCELLOR, Dublin.

Our readers will be interested to hear that Mr. Louis N. Parker, whose letters from abroad have frequently appeared in our columns, is about to enter upon the dangerous career of a dramatic author. Miss Wallis has secured a three-act modern play by him which she intends to produce at the Shaftesbury; Mr. Ben Greet will give Mr. Parker's poetical play, "A Buried Talent," a trial at the Vaudeville on Thursday afternoon, June 5, and has also commissioned him to write a pastoral comedy, for which he is to provide his own music, for production at Cheltenham on July 12. Lastly, Mr. Louis Calvert, the son of the eminent Manchester manager, will produce another play by Mr. Parker, entitled "In Taunton Vale," at Manchester on June 12. It is seldom that a young author has so many eggs in one basket. We hope that none of them will break or prove addled.

* *

What a good thing it is that programmes of the old kind, made up of two or three "assorted" little plays, are coming into fashion again, for afternoon performances at all events. On Wednesday Mr. Beerbohm Tree gave a most interesting *matinée*, when the ever green and ever popular "Balladmonger" was sandwiched between a new playlet by Miss Clo Graves and a new actress in Miss Anderson's old part in "Comedy and Tragedy." In the first piece Miss Laura Villiers attempted, not without some success, the daring task of showing us the mighty Rachel as she lived—and, more particularly, as she died. There is not very much to be said, dramatically, about the death of Rachel; but there were fine moments in the verse of the clever young authoress. Miss Graves, as she has shown in "Nitocris," and in the pages of many magazines, is one of the few writers for the stage with some true touch of poetry. For Miss Julia Neilson and her Clarice: the attempt was a bold one, and certainly bettered the position of a young actress of exceptional gifts of beauty and of voice. When Miss Neilson is able thoroughly to "let herself go," to play spontaneously and simply, she should do great things. Mr. Fred Terry played D'Aulnay in Mr. Gilbert's piece with true feeling and dignity.

* *

Broadly speaking, we love not the amateur actor, but for some of him—and her—we have abounding charity. Therefore do we record with pleasure that on Tuesday last certain and sundry persons did perform two pieces in the Temple of the young person—which is St. George's Hall. The two pieces were Burnard's "Betsy" and Jerome K. Jerome's "Sunset," and some of those who conspired to play therein were Mr. C. W. A. Trollope, Mr. H. E. Biddulph Butler, and Mr. A. Spence of the one part, and Mrs. Cecil Lamb, Miss Kate Behuke, Miss Alyce and Miss Toby Cockell, and Mrs. Charles Sim of the other. Now, of the manner of performance, we prefer not to speak—inasmuch as we were not there; but of some—especially of that admirable actress, Mrs. Sim—we are prepared to believe that they acted exceedingly well. And above all do we affirm that the Establishment for Invalid Ladies at 90, Harley-street, in aid whereof these performances were given, is deserving of heartiest support.

MISS FANNY MOODY.

Miss Fanny Moody has risen by rapid strides to the top of her profession. She began artistic life under the protection of Mme. Sainton Dolby, and from her derived that solid grounding and admirable method which have enabled her to develop in three years a finished style and a spontaneous originality which have captivated the Carl Rosa audiences throughout the British Isles. In Edinburgh, to take but a single instance of success, the University presented her with a diamond bracelet with the University arms upon it. Similar enthusiasm was created in Dublin. She has declined to sign again with the Carl Rosa Company, as she feels that her position is now assured, and hopes to do more distinguished work independently. Her most successful rôles have been Mignon, Marguerite, and the Bohemian Girl. Miss Moody will shortly be married to Mr. Mannors, a gentleman with whom she has frequently acted, with whom she contemplates shortly making an oratorio and concert tour in the provinces, where they are already great favourites. We are glad to say, however, that they will also be heard in London during the present season.

Music has, like Society, its laws of propriety and etiquette; and even those to whom their deeper meaning has not been revealed are bound to respect and conform to them.—*F. Liszt.*

NOTES FROM ITALY.

NAPLES, MAY 3, 1890.

Little or nothing in the way of opera is now going on here; in fact, the "little" is represented, I believe, solely by Offenbach's "Orphée aux Enfers" in a very unpretentious theatre. So the season may fairly be said to be over. San Carlo is of course closed. At the Fenice, ballets are still the order of the day. The actress Adelaide Tessero with her company continues her performances here. "Marie Antoinette," "Lucrezia Borgia," and a new drama by Professor Giozza entitled "Joanna the First" is in rehearsal. "Il Profumo," another piece (comedy) on the *répertoire* of this company is very amusing and decidedly *risquée*. The small theatres frequented by the lower classes are in great force just now. Most of them give two performances—the "day" performance at 7 p.m. and the "evening" at 9 p.m. Some of the titles of their plays are delightfully sensational. "The Brother-thieves, Lionheart and Tiger-eye" gives one a thrill. In concerts also some activity has been displayed of late. Haydn's "Creation" was performed during the past week, conducted by Galassi, the director of the Circolo Musicale Napoletano. A native critic compliments the conductor upon his courage in attempting the execution of such a work in a city where "a school of choral singing, a large concert-room, and the habit of discipline are alike wanting," which sounds rather unpromising for Naples. The performance was a fair success, taking into account these disadvantages. Another concert was given by Maestro Fortini, the programme consisting entirely of productions, vocal and instrumental, by the concert-giver. It opened with a march, "Italy and Abyssinia," and the concluding item was "Satana, scene and aria in three movements."

Finally I may note a performance with orchestra of Rossini's "Stabat Mater" at the Church of Santa Chiara this (Saturday) morning, on the occasion of the yearly miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. The "Stabat Mater" began punctually at noon, the procession followed in due course, but up to this present moment I have not ascertained if the liquefaction took place satisfactorily, nor, if so, at what hour. This important event is not certain to take place at a fixed time; it usually falls between three in the afternoon and seven in the evening. Neapolitans have the patience to wait.

In Rome pretty much the same state of things operatic seems to reign as in Naples. At the Quirinale Theatre Virginia Zucchi (considered the best *dansuse* of the day) is to appear in several ballets. Her excellence is due not only to her dancing but also to her great mimic capacities. Her talents are versatile: she is said to be as excellently tragic in "Brahma" as she is coquettish in "La fille mal gardée," in both of which ballets Roman audiences are to have opportunities of seeing her. At the last Orchestral Society's concert in Rome great interest was manifested in Mancinelli's new composition, "Scene Veneziane," a suite based on five episodes which are designated as follows:—1. Scene on the piazza, Carneval. 2. Declaration of love. 3. Flight of the lovers to Chioggia. 4. Return in gondola. 5. Nuptial festivities. Of these the third and fifth are considered the most effective; critics pronounce the whole a not very well-balanced work, and complain that everything is sacrificed to effect to the detriment of artistic solidity.

A very good exhibition of paintings and sculpture is at present open in Naples. The style of work reminds one of much of the painting at the Italian Exhibition in London; in fact, one or two of the same pictures are exhibited. Some landscapes (Simonetti, Capuano, &c.), a portrait study by Petroni, and some spirited bronzes are, among others, worthy of notice.

FOREIGN NOTES.

Electric pianos are an invention which is clearly "coming." A Dr. Eisenmann, of Berlin, who is already known in connection with this instrument, has elaborated his invention so far that it is said he can now sustain the sound of notes when desired, and imitate the tones of other instruments; thus in the treble he can produce an effect like that of the Æolian harp, in the middle like that of the violoncello, and in the bass like that of the harmonium and organ. But it appears that as yet the Doctor has not exhibited his instrument to the public criticism of professional judges, and it is therefore not yet possible to say what may be the actual value of his inventions.

Hubert Léonard, the celebrated Belgian violinist, died at Paris on Tuesday, after nine days' illness.

According to the "Mus. Wochenblatt," Mr A. Goring Thomas's opera, "Nadeshda" has just been brought out at the Stadt Theatre of Breslau.

The German opera season at Kroll's Theatre at Berlin will begin on the 10th inst. Among the artists who will appear in the course of the season are Mmes. Sembrich, Luger, Malten, and our own Miss M. Macintyre; among the men are Herren Götze, Van Dyck, Gura, Erl, Ravelli, Bötel, and Fr. d'Andrade.

Another juvenile prodigy has made his appearance, but this time of a rather less sensational and more promising character than usual—a boy of eleven, Alexander Fiedemann, of Slotopol, who played the 7th concerto of De Beriot at Leipsic on the 23rd ult. The lad is a pupil of Herr Brodsky, and his performance appears to have given rise to the most enthusiastic hopes of the future in store for him.

The exhibition of Beethoven relics which is to take place at Bonn, opening on the 10th inst., promises to be extremely interesting. Both public and private collections have lent their choicest treasures for this occasion. Among the exhibits will be found most important and interesting family documents, original MSS. of the composer's works, both early and late, in great abundance; letters of all dates, including one the signature to which was written on his death-bed; his piano, his stringed instruments, his ear-trumpet, and a great many articles from his study; besides an almost complete collection of pictures, drawings, and busts taken from life. When we reflect that all these interesting objects and many others which we cannot now enumerate will all be seen together in one house, and that the house where the composer was born, it will be seen that the interest to musicians will be absolutely unique.

The teaching of music is well provided for in France as regards public institutions. From the "Annuaire" of M. Delalain we learn that the head institution of France—the Conservatoire of Paris—has nine provincial branches—at Avignon, Dijon, Havre, Lille, Lyon, Nancy, Nantes, Rennes, and Toulouse. Besides these there are nineteen national schools for music in other provincial towns, and six "Matrisies" in still other towns. The teaching staff of the Paris Conservatoire embraces thirty-six departments, and has eighty teachers, of whom thirteen are female. M. Ambrose Thomas is the Chief Director, with three assistants for the library, the instrumental museum, and the secretarial departments. For composition, counterpoint, and fugue there are three professors; for musical history, one; harmony, six; art of piano-accompaniment, one; vocal music in various branches, twenty-six; declamation, operatic history, acting, fencing, together eleven (including one female); instrumental music altogether, thirty-two, of whom eleven teach the piano. Of these eighty teachers there are only twenty-one who are not the possessors of some "order" or "decoration."

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

FIRST NOTICE.

The Royal Academy and two thousand pictures to criticise! Will not this suffice to make merry the heart of the critic as he enters Burlington House with a light step and a catalogue on the morning of the press view? Surely so: for here is matter enough for endless copy. And what can be pleasanter than writing when your subject is presented to you with endless details on which to enlarge, and a kindly editor is prepared to print all that is written? But in the first room there is a check. In what spirit are you to write? How are you to go about to criticise. There are many methods; one, comparatively safe, is that of marking in the catalogue all the pictures by well-known men and describing them in turn. This certainly narrows the field of labour, and is suggestive of the order so dear to the literary mind. But it is too severe upon those who are not well known—so we reject it. Then each room considered separately would afford material for columns of alternating praise and blame—too long a process. If we go through the

galleries from end to end we are not likely to pass very many masterpieces even among two thousand pictures selected by a hanging committee of R.A.'s. A masterpiece is a thing as rare as it may be beautiful, and will surely appeal to the critic who conscientiously studies the exhibition. Therefore shall we, and therefore did we go carefully through, hoping that chance would throw in our way a masterpiece—but she didn't. Conscientious study, too, revealed that many of the pictures were merely an artistic expression of mediocrity; but we found good works, and if we confine our remarks almost entirely to these we shall monopolise quite as much space as our National Academy may with justice demand.

We do not propose to deal with the pictures strictly in the order of merit; nor shall we be confined altogether by the vulgar trammels of the catalogue. It will be easier for us, and less tiring to the reader, to chat about such pictures as we noticed, in the order in which they appear before our thoroughly sated mind. Naturally to the musical world the work of Mr. Frank Dicksee, portraying "The Redemption of Tannhäuser" (No. 203), which takes the place of honour in the third room, will be full of attraction. The moment seized by the artist is that in which Tannhäuser falls dead by the bier of her whom he calls in vain, having resisted the temptation to return to the Venus whose apparition is fading in a mist of rosy light. Dramatic intensity is wanting perhaps, but that is a fault preferable to the vulgarity of forced drama. There is some warm colour in the glow which surrounds the Venus, in the warm toned pine trunks, and in the flame of the cleverly painted candles held by the monks at the head of the bier; but here is room for more contrast, and the forms of the Papal messengers and the pilgrims who are approaching would have served well to carry this. The large picture above (No. 203) by Mr. Rob Sauber, entitled "The golden lure," shows "Fair Ambition bubble-borne" disconsolate at the want of appreciation of the laurel wreaths which hang at her side, while the jewelled and golden crown which she holds aloft is surrounded by "Hands that wrestle, clutch, and strain." There is imagination in the work—few people would have dared to paint at the top of a large canvas a circle of hands apparently springing from nowhere, but there is a want of colour which robs the work of its interest. We like the idea, but care little for the picture. In the same room we cannot but stop before "The Bath of Psyche." The striving for classic purity attracts us, and ere we look at the catalogue we know that the President's important work is before us. The subject is treated in a decorative spirit. Psyche, in statuesque attitude, stands at the bathside pondering. Her form is that of a beautiful maiden, but, alas! that she is doomed to be a maiden who is not flesh and blood. Her form is human and opaque, and yet it is not of human substance. Surely this is inconsistent; if Psyche be confined by imagination to the limits of the female form, why should the female not be beautiful and living? Why should the beauty of that glow of life be taken from her? Poor Psyche! better far be a spirit at once. There is in the panel a well-considered scheme of colour; the purple curtain which screens the bath, the yellow drapery at the bathers' feet, the tint of the hair, and the glimpse of vivid blue sky are all arranged with care; but we feel that Sir Frederick would fain, after seeing it hung, retouch and vivify his work. It is in the fifth room that we find Mr. Albert Moore's long decorative panel on which is recorded the artist's ideal of "A Summer Night," No. 487. We have proof here that Mr. Albert Moore is a master in this style, and that, quiet as his work may be, it is not by any means commonplace. The treatment of the female figures who, posed in various attitudes, break with their graceful lines the long horizon of blue grey, is full of artistic worth. It is also to be noticed that the handling of the picture—the actual technique—is so regular and precise that we dread lest at a second glance we should find it mechanical. However, we do not. The seventh gallery contains a work by Mr. Tuke. "Euchre" is the title, and No. 703 identifies it in the catalogue. It is a naturalistic study, containing such interest as will raise it to the level of a picture. The subject can be shortly described as consisting in a group of seamen on the deck of a small merchant ship engaged in the intricacies of a card game. The painting is good—Mr. Tuke's work is always well handled; but while the casual observer finds sufficient interest in the story of the picture the artist will notice how well the colour is combined, while there has been no unlawful straining for effect. The suggestion of texture also is wonderfully clever. With regard to the colour: notice the group of yellow cards on the deck, and the natural position of those in the hand of the man in the red shirt; it will then be recognised how cleverly the violent contrast is prevented by the bluish tone of the tarpaulin hat of the seaman on the left. As to the texture, a glance at the blue jumper or the check shirt worn by other mem-

bers of the group, the sun-dried green-painted bulwarks, and then at the soft grey sky will show at once that the artist is not wanting in knowledge while the unpretending character of the whole shows that he really is an artist. While talking of texture and technique it would be well to refer to Mr. Arthur Cope's portrait of "Thomas Brooks, Esq., of Whatton" (No. 1,091). The painting of the head is full of vigour and apparent truth, while the technical quality of the painting of the weather-stained "pinks" is not equalled by anything on the surrounding walls. Mr. Tuke's "Perseus and Andromeda" (No. 1,076) is thoroughly classical, relying for its interest not on the sensuous element but in the action of the scene. Perseus having uncovered the Gorgon's head, is about to deal the death stroke. His movement is quite natural, and we feel that he has already perceived the effect of his deadly shield on the slimy monster, who looks vengefully up with cold, cruel eyes—a very sea monster, and no grotesque imagination with wings and fiery tongue. There is another picture of the same subject in the third room by Mr. George McCulloch. Here we find Perseus alone doing battle with the monster, who is lashing up the waves in his fury, while Perseus, swooping over him borne up by the winged sandals, is preparing to put an end to the struggle. The treatment is less pictorial than that in the first mentioned work. The action is more vigorous and the colour stronger, but the spirit is strictly decorative. Of Mr. Stanhope Forbes's "By Order of the Court" (No. 1,146) we must say that the subject is well worn. We find it here treated as well as it has ever been, but it is of a class now rather wearying. The old farmhouse room and the group of buyers, the disconsolate family in the background, and the business-like auctioneer all seem familiar. However, the work is excellent and will repay some study. There is a head, that of the sturdy boy who is leaning over from the second row on the left, which is painted as strongly and naturally as anything we have seen in Mr. Forbes's work. To those who have not lost interest in the subject we can recommend the work—though not strictly beautiful, it is a good picture.

MUSIC IN SOCIETY.

The great snare of London hostesses at present is overcrowding. If they would but be content to fill their rooms comfortably instead of packing their friends into them like sardines, or figs in a box, how much more we should all enjoy the good music and other pleasant things provided for us. A few there are who have strength of mind enough to ask only so many people as they can conveniently seat, and who consider the success of their entertainments to depend, both as to music and people, not on the quantity but on the quality of both. But these wise entertainers are few and far between; most society leaders unluckily consider their parties a failure unless there is a regular struggle to get up the staircase, and not an inch of elbow-room anywhere. How can anyone enjoy good music, or, indeed, anything else, under such circumstances, and how can the best voice, violin, or piano sound well in rooms that are stuffed to bursting? When will English people realise the utter absence of art, the barbarism, in fact, of doing things in this coarse and wholesale way? Of course in some cases "Music" is simply and solely a peg to hang a crowded party on; and a great number of persons who cannot get within the charmed circle of good society by any other means hope to do so by establishing a reputation for first-rate music at their parties. Their whole object, therefore, is to cram their houses fuller than they can comfortably hold, in order that they may be talked about, and gain "notoriety"—that rock of offence upon which all that is really artistic is so often wrecked.

But there are still a few houses where these things are organised with a real love of art and a view to its true appreciation. For instance, at Sir Frederick Leighton's—when the President of the Royal Academy gives his "Music" it is done with refinement and grace; his spacious and beautiful studio is just nicely filled with comfortable chairs, not all set in stiff rows, and not too close together; tall palms and flowering azaleas cunningly arranged give coolness and colour to the room; pictures and other works of art catch the eye wherever it rests; the audience is formed of people who really care for music, and would rather listen than talk; the music itself is absolutely first-rate, and never lasts too long; it is, in fact, an ideal "Musical at Home," and is eagerly looked forward to by the favoured. Next to Sir F. Leighton's come Madame Blumenthal's Musical Tuesday evenings. These were given for three

months before Easter once a week, and formed a new and pleasant feature of the winter season. They are now over till next year, and so great was their success in what is called "Society" that Madame Blumenthal will be clever indeed if she manages to avoid the inevitable overcrowding to which she came perilously near at the last two of these well arranged and most delightful musical evenings. Madame Blumenthal is, to be sure, the wife of a clever and popular musician.

The most interesting musical *soirée* held since Easter was that given by the Honourable Mrs. Percy Mitford on the 2nd of May. Mitford House is made for such entertainments. The splendid "Louis XV." and gold drawing-rooms are so spacious that it is difficult to overfill them, and although all the *crème de la crème* of Society was present, there was no unseemly crowding during any part of the evening. The Princess Mary of Teck; in a gown of fine English brocade, was the guest of the evening, with her pretty daughter, the Princess May, and one of her sons; and as usual seemed thoroughly to enjoy herself and stayed to the last. The Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg, the Duke of Cambridge, the French and German Ambassadors and their suites were also there, and the whole *Corps Diplomatique*; the beautiful Countess Deym and Mme. de Falbe, the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Bedford, the Duchess of Cleveland, Lady Brooke, Lady Wimborne, Lady Arran—in fact, "everyone" in the fashionable world. The music was admirably chosen for the occasion. Mons. Tivardar Nachèz was the violinist; he played, besides pieces by Ernst, Vieuxtemps, Raff and others, his own two Hungarian dances, which have all the fire and fascination that Hungarian dances always have, whoever may be the composer thereof. Miss Marguerite Hall, another of the present society-favourites, sang (charmingly, as she always does) Gounod's "Ave Maria," M. Nachèz playing the violin obligato, and also Bizet's clever song, "Les adieux de l'hôtesse arabe." Signor Luigi Mhanes provided the Tosti songs, without which a Musical at Home would be like a dinner without sweets; she also joined Miss Marguerite Hall in Gounod's duet, the well-known "Barcarole." Mr. Raphaël Roche was responsible for the musical arrangements.

There was a very pleasant mixture of fashionable and artistic people and of pictures and music at Mrs. Lennox Browne's "At Home" given in the Portman Rooms last week. The music was capital, including performances by M. Wolff, M. Nachèz, and M. Hollman, and songs by Miss Carlotta Elliott, Mr. Thorndike, Mr. Maybrick, and a number of other well-known artists. The walls were hung with a series of interesting water-colour sketches by Dr. Lennox Browne, the result of a holiday trip in South Africa. Many noted artists and several beauties of the hour were present, and the evening was a specially bright and successful one.

The Baroness Henry de Worms gave her second afternoon party on Thursday of last week, when her guests were entertained by Miss Fairman, who possesses a fine contralto voice; and by M. Johannes Wolff, whose violin solos were given with familiar fire. It goes without saying that the music supplied by the two artists was much and deservedly applauded.

The Primrose League has on several occasions shown itself to be a musical no less than a political association, and as such we give it our hearty approval. From its commencement it has reckoned amongst its patronesses Caroline, Marchioness of Downshire, under whose auspices Sir Julius Benedict's "St. Cecilia" was first given to the public; her accomplished daughter-in-law, Lady Arthur Hill; and, to mention no others, Viscountess Folkestone and Lady Randolph Churchill. During the last week a highly successful concert was given at the Hanover Park Room, Peckham, by the Baumann Habitation, presided over by Mr. A. A. Baumann, M.P., and his sister. A large audience assembled at an early hour, the artists being the Countess of Berkeley, the Lady Beaumont, Mrs. Couper Cripps, Miss Beverley Robinson (from Toronto), Mlle. Denys, Miss Violet Götze, Mr. Temple Maynard, Captain Goldschmidt, and Mr. Earle Douglas. The accompanists were Lady Berkeley and Miss Rawson. The concert opened with Raff's Tarantella, brilliantly played by Lady Beaumont, whose rare musical talent is well known in our best musical circles, and Miss Rawson. Lady Berkeley and Mrs. Couper Cripps sang "When the wind comes in from the sea," the former having a very sweet and perfectly-trained mezzo, the latter a rich, deep contralto. Lady Beaumont's rendering of Chopin's Polonaise drew forth enthusiastic applause, as did Miss

Beverley Robinsen's admirable singing of "Last Night." Mrs. Couper Cripps sang "The Reaper and the Flowers," and her fine voice was accompanied to great advantage by Lord Berkeley. The trio, "Three Little Maids," sung by the Countess of Berkeley, Mlle. Denys, and Miss Gætzte, was deservedly encored. Miss Gætzte also showed great charm of manner in Miss Hope Temple's "Sweet September." Captain Goldschmidt created great merriment by his very droll song, "Killaloo," and Mr. Earle Douglas by his ludicrous imitations. During the interval Mr. Baumann, M.P. for Camberwell, made an excellent and humorous speech, and the programme ended with the trio, "Oh Memory," charmingly sung by the Countess of Berkeley, Mrs. Couper Cripps, and Mr. Maynard.

CONCERTS.

LONDON AND SUBURBAN.

* * * *Concert-givers are requested to notice that, owing to the heavy demands made on the staff during the season, no concerts can be noticed unless tickets are sent to the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD (396, Strand) at least four days in advance of the advertised date.*

Verhulst is a living contradiction of the familiar saying that a prophet has no honour in his own country. Yet, though he has written a large number of works both for orchestra and chamber which have gained him not only the esteem of his own countrymen but the warm eulogium of so discerning a critic as Robert Schumann, it has been reserved for the Strolling Players' Amateur Orchestral Society to give the first performance in England of one of his symphonies. The work in question, performed at their concert on Saturday, is numbered op. 46; we may therefore reasonably assume that it is fairly representative of its composer's maturity. Without a complete analysis of the work it is difficult to estimate finally an important work by an unfamiliar composer, and we therefore confine ourselves to recording the general impression produced. The whole symphony is full of life and vigour, the Scherzo alone being somewhat feeble. A rather elaborate introduction, *Largo maestoso*, leads to the first movement, an *allegro agitato*, which, though well sustained, seemed wanting in contrast; the finale is particularly bright and attractive; and there is no slow movement. But though there are many indications of earnestness and even of power, and though as a whole the work hangs well together, there is little originality or individuality, nor does it take shape in the mind as the utterance of one who has any new message. As far as can be judged under the difficult conditions, the symphony was very well performed by Mr. Norfolk Megone's orchestra, which distinguished itself not less by excellent performances of Méhul's overture, "Le Jeune Henri," of Massenet's "Herodiade" suite, and of Thomas's "Raymond" overture. The vocalists were Miss Agnes Jansen, who deserves praise for the introduction of so beautiful a song as Berlioz' "La Captive," as well as for her rendering of it; and Miss Zipporah Monteith, who sang with considerable success Cantor's "Oh Fair, oh Sweet and Holy," and Felix Corbett's "Butterflies."

* * * Mr. Hans Wessely, the violinist, had a numerous and sympathetic audience at his concert on the evening of the 1st inst. at Princes' Hall. With the aid of Mme. Haas he gave a careful but somewhat timid rendering of Brahms' latest piano and violin sonata in D minor, and later on played Bruch's G minor concerto, to the pianoforte accompaniment of Mr. Frantzen, a proceeding which we cannot in any way approve. A violin concerto is simply ruined by the substitution of a piano for the orchestral tutti, and those concert-givers who cannot engage an orchestra should eschew concertos. There is plenty of legitimate music for the solo violin. But, judging by his performance, we should suppose Mr. Wessely to be less in sympathy with the broad and masculine style of Brahms and Bruch than with that "tender grace of a day that is dead" which breathes from the works of Spohr, from whose seventh concerto he played the Adagio with great delicacy and tenderness, adding, as an attractive contrast, Vieuxtemps' Tarantelle, which justified its existence by producing the inevitable demand for an encore, to which the

player responded by giving Svendsen's Romance in B flat. In these and two other pieces by Wieniawski and Popper the concert-giver showed himself a player of much command of tender expression and brilliant execution. Mme. Haas played Chopin's Fantasia in F minor with more regard to tone than tempo; surely a "grave" was never meant to be played so fast as she began the piece; in other respects her rendering deserves praise. The vocal element was contributed by Miss Alice Schidrowitz, a young singer whose name is unfamiliar to us, but who, on the strength of her light, pure, soprano voice, neat and fluent execution, and arch and piquant manner may be described as "of the school" of Liza Lehmann. Miss Schidrowitz will be welcome if she can sing many pieces as well as she sang those by Goring Thomas and Meyer Helmund, adding Brahms' delightful "Vergebliches Ständchen" as the encore piece.

* * * A few words of praise alone are demanded by the performance at the Crystal Palace last Saturday of "The Golden Legend." That Mr. Manns' chorus and band acquitted themselves admirably of their not very exacting task may be readily believed; while the fact that the solos were entrusted to such tried artists as Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Marian Mackenzie, Mr. Henry Piercy, and Mr. Watkin Mills is sufficient guarantee for the excellence of their interpretation.

* * * A dramatic and musical recital was given in the Steinway Hall on Saturday afternoon by Mr. Edgar Skeet, whose qualities as an elocutionist were effectively shown in such pieces as Miss Nesbit's "Ballad of Splendid Silence," Coleridge's "Love," and Overton's "Love and Buttons." His pupil, Miss May Ansell, also gave Holmes's "Aunt Tabitha" with refinement, and joined Mr. Skeet in Anstey's amusing sketch, "Reciting Made Easy." The vocalists were Miss Mary Hutton, who sang Henschel's "Spinning Wheel Song" and M. V. White's "A Bonny Curl" with her accustomed unpretentious grace; Mr. Arthur Roddis, a gentleman whose high and agreeable baritone voice was well exhibited in songs by Florence Aylward and Stephen Adams; and Miss Mario Garcia, whose *début* was the most interesting feature of the afternoon. Bearing such a name, Miss Garcia may not unfairly be judged by a high standard. She has little to fear from this, for she possesses a rich voice, of which the lower notes are round and full and the higher clear and resonant. Her style is refined and her production excellent. She was heard in Grieg's "Solveig's Song" and Goring Thomas's "A Summer Night."

* * * There was a fairly good attendance at Miss Falconar's first concert at Steinway Hall on Friday evening, May 2nd, and her programme had two distinct merits, it was good in quality and short in quantity, an example which may be commended to the consideration of other concert givers, the performance concluding soon after ten o'clock. Miss Falconar's own songs were much appreciated, and were received in a markedly warm manner. She was particularly successful in the popular "Quando a te lieta," in which the 'cello obbligato was artistically given by Miss Mabel Chaplin, and which won an encore. A very favourable impression was created by Miss Mary Willis, who displayed her sympathetic voice in three songs with much taste and skill. Mme. Edith Wynne also lent her valuable co-operation, and materially assisted the success of the evening. Mr. Herbert Thorndike was unfortunately indisposed, and was obliged to omit his second song through hoarseness. A new violinist, Mr. René Ortmans, played with conspicuous ability; his performance abounded in good points, and was a distinctly welcome addition. Mr. Bisaccia's reading of Rubinstein's "Valse Caprice" was more notable for muscular power than correctness. He entirely sacrificed clear articulation to rapidity, and emulated the well-known peculiarity of the gifted composer by being perfectly regardless of occasional wrong notes. With the piano open and the loud pedal down his *forte* passages were absolutely deafening, and it would have caused but little surprise amongst the audience if he had finished with the traditional crash said to be only properly produced by the pianist sitting suddenly and heavily on the keyboard. Mr. Herbert James's recitation of "Eugene Aram" was a decided mistake. He knew his words perfectly, but his elocution was very unequal, and he seemed overweighted with his subject.

* * * The eighth season of the Insurance Musical Society was brought to a most satisfactory conclusion by a very successful concert and *conversazione* held at Princes' Art Galleries on Wednesday, April 30 last, on which occasion the society was assisted by Misses Clara Myers, Emily Armfield, and Anna

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Roekner, Messrs. W. B. Martin and Munkittrick as vocalists, while Miss Gertrude S. Leman and Miss Georgina Macdonald contributed pianoforte and harp solos respectively. The society's band and choir also performed during the evening. The orchestra was particularly successful in its interpretation of Suppé's "Poet and Peasant" overture, which was exceptionally well played and much applauded. Mr. Norfolk Megone's tuneful "Winifred" waltz was also given with much taste and spirit. The members of the choir again distinguished themselves by a capital rendering of Dr. Bridge's humorous part song, "Bold Turpin," which the audience would gladly have heard again, and in the other items for which the choir was responsible did full justice both to themselves and the music allotted to them. The musical arrangements were in the skilled hands of Dr. H. T. Pringuer, to whom the excellent training of the choir and orchestra is entirely due; while the social duties of the entertainment were fulfilled by the genial and popular secretary, Mr. A. W. Cousins, who was unceasing in his care and attention to the society's guests.

An excellent performance of "The Elijah" was given on Monday evening by the Streatham Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. C. Stewart Macpherson. Under this gentleman's careful and sympathetic guidance the chorus and band acquitted themselves in a highly meritorious way, the various numbers being given with great spirit and precision. The soloists were Miss Clara Leighton—*vice* Mme. Anne Marriott, who was unfortunately indisposed—Miss Marian Ellis, Mr. H. L. Thomas, and Mr. David Hughes, of whom the latter secured the chief honours for his admirable interpretation of the title-role; all, however, were eminently satisfactory. Assistance was given in the concerted numbers by Miss Bicey Maclaren, Miss M. Kennedy, Mr. Arthur Lake, and Mr. J. Gritton.

Miss Marianne and Miss Clara Eissler, young as both are, have attained no unworthy rank amongst them that handle the violin and harp, which may be taken as the modern representatives of the instruments invented by the scriptural gentleman whose praises Dr. Mackenzie sings so warmly. Upon what good grounds their reputations have been built was demonstrated plainly enough on Tuesday, when these clever young ladies gave a concert in Princes' Hall. Miss Marianne, it is pleasant to note, has made distinct advances in her art since we last heard her, her phrasing being clearer and firmer, and her general execution even better than before. There is still, perhaps, a little lack of tonal contrast, and she scarcely abandons herself with sufficient freedom to the impulses of her obviously artistic nature. This is a good fault, however, which time will, no doubt, remedy. Her solos, on the occasion under notice, were Spohr's "Dramatic" concerto, Dr. Mackenzie's Pibroch, and Wieniawski's "Airs Russes." Of these the two latter were the best, the opening movement of the Pibroch being played with especial charm and effectiveness. Miss Clara, as a harpist, has a delightful touch, her harmonies being particularly good, while she has complete control over all the capabilities of her instrument. Her principal solos were Parish Alvars' concertino, which was very cleverly played, a Berceuse of Hasselmans, and a Gavotte by Bach, which last, however, is little suited for the instrument. She joined Mr. John Thomas in an excellent performance of the latter's duet for two harps, "Cambria;" and in conjunction with her two sisters, Miss Marianne and Miss Emmy, gave a good performance of Mendelssohn's Prelude in B flat, as arranged by Mr. Thomas for the three instruments. The vocalists were Mr. Durward Lely, who sang with much taste and good expression Sullivan's "Distant Shore" and Tosti's "Tell me to Stay," in both of which he showed—to note but a single merit—good control over his *mezza voce* effects; and Signor Foli, who gave his familiarly vigorous reading of "I'm a Roamer." Mention should be made of the conscientious work done by Miss Emmy Eissler as accompanist.

A very large audience assembled on Tuesday in Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Sassoon's beautiful house in Belgrave-square to listen to the programme put forward by Miss May Joseph, a young lady of fifteen, who then gave her first concert. It would be plainly unwise to decide at present upon the rank which Miss Joseph may ultimately take among pianists; but it is not too early to say that the execution of her solos was marked by features which promise extremely well for her future. Her readings of classic pieces are often at variance with those made traditional by older artists, but this is only natural, and is less remarkable than the fire and spirit which are always present. That she has studied under Mr. T. H. Bonawitz is a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of

her technique and the refinement of her method. She has a splendid memory, and plays, moreover, with that unconscious candour which proves her to be an artist born rather than made. Nor are the higher qualities wanting, for she adds to the vigour and life already noted a large share of fancy and taste. We may record, in short, a *début* of very high promise; adding that her chief successes were made in Bach's Prelude and Fugue in D major, Handel's Passacaille in G minor, Mozart's Fantasia in D minor, and Chopin's B flat minor Scherzo. The first movement of the vigorous and musicianly Quintet in G minor by Mr. Bonawitz was excellently played by the concert giver, in conjunction with Miss Brousel, Miss Lulu Kemp-Welch, and Messrs. H. Lait and Abrahams; while the same performers—minus Miss Kemp-Welch—gave a good rendering of Beethoven's Quartet in E flat, op. 16. The vocalist was Miss Adèle Myers, who sang with much refinement and charm three pleasing songs by Miss Cecile Hartog—who accompanied her—and the Gavotte from "Mignon."

At St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening two new works by Welsh composers—who stand in the relation of father and son—were produced before a crowded audience. The first, by Mr. J. Hayd Parry, was a cantata, "Gwen," founded on a Cymric legend. The libretto is not provocative of praise, but it is only fair to say that Mr. Parry's music is distinguished by tunefulness and grace; with few exceptions, however, the melody is unoriginal, the sequences and cadences conventional, the harmony and part-writing poor, and the orchestration thin. It is necessary to insist on this, because, however desirable it may be to encourage native talent, the applause of a favourable audience and the praise of well-intentioned but mistaken critics may lead both composer and public astray. Had Mr. Parry's work been given in an unpretentious way at—say—a suburban concert, friendly encouragement alone would have been necessary; but the production in St. James's Hall of such half-fledged works has more serious consequences than may at first appear. The talent evinced in the "Lament" and the "Farewell of Gwen" only makes more apparent the want of judgment displayed by Mr. Parry in coming before such a public until he has brought his gifts to a more advanced stage of cultivation. We look forward with high hope to his future; but at present he should be content to work and wait. The second work, by Dr. Joseph Parry, principal of the Musical College of Wales, Swansea, was a sacred cantata entitled "Nebuchadnezzar, or, Scenes in Babylon." Of this we shall only say that Dr. Parry is evidently a well-trained musician, who knows how to write and to score effectively; but his music betrays a complete absence of original ideas, which, therefore, he is driven to seek in the works of other composers. It remains to be added that both compositions were adequately performed, the soloists being Mrs. Mary Davies, Miss Eleanor Rees, Mr. Maldwyn Humphries, Mr. Hirwen Jones, Mr. Lucas Williams, and Mr. David Hughes, who all discharged their tasks very satisfactorily.

The second of Miss Hilda Wilson's vocal recitals took place on Tuesday evening, when a large audience came together and showed full appreciation of a programme which, both in its matter and the manner of its execution, was in nowise inferior in interest to that of the first concert of the series. The artists were the same as those who took part on the former occasion, and we need add nothing to the praise then bestowed on each. Miss Hilda Wilson was heard to most advantage in a graceful setting by Ernest Birch of the familiar hymn, "I heard the voice of Jesus say," and in Alice Mary Smith's version of Christina Rossetti's pathetic song, "When I am dead, my dearest," to both of which her beautiful voice gave the fullest effect. Miss Agnes gave excellent renderings of the aria, "From mighty Kings," and her brother's song, "The Day of Life," while Mr. H. Lane Wilson sang a charming old Scotch ballad, "The Burnside," and Mr. Stroud Wilson, in addition to some well-played violin solos, Kjerulf's "A Night on the Fjord" and Addison's "Do I love thee" with excellent effect.

Pleasant associations habitually gather round the annual concerts of Mdlle. Ida Henry, and the last, which took place at Princes' Hall on Tuesday evening, was no exception to this rule. This result, agreeable alike to *bénéficiaire* and audience, may be ascribed equally to the talent of Mdlle. Henry and the tact with which she caters for her patrons. On the present occasion, for instance, the programme included a concerto for pianoforte, violin, and flute, with double quartet accompaniment, by Bach—almost, if not quite unknown to the majority of concert-goers. It proved a most interesting work, and Mdlle. Henry is cordially to be thanked for bringing it forward. The concert-giver's special claim to attention was made in a

number of pianoforte pieces the manifold exactions of which were met with somewhat varying success. Excellent was the performance of Schumann's allegro (Op. 8); and in Chopin's scherzo in B flat minor the pianist exhibited a fascinating beauty of touch and truthfulness of conception. The playing of a nocturne by the same composer, however, lacked both these qualities, and for the adequate rendering of a rhapsody by Liszt Mdlle. Henry scarcely possesses the requisite physical power. Herr Joseph Ludwig (violin) and Mr. A. P. Vivian (flute), meritorious players both, lent valuable aid in the completion of the programme, and Mr. Frantzen accompanied throughout. Of the singing of Mrs. Henschel there is happily no need to say aught.

The present series of Young People's Orchestral Concerts was brought to a worthy close on Wednesday afternoon, when no sign was wanting that Mr. Henschel's latest venture has met with the success which it richly deserves. We have indicated on previous occasions the great merits of the scheme which, carried out with so much earnestness and ability, cannot have failed of good results. At present we have only to record excellent performances of, amongst others equally noteworthy, Schumann's "Genoëveva," Beethoven's First Symphony, and three movements from Grieg's "Peer Gynt." Especially should we note the delicacy and refinement with which the middle movements of the Symphony were given, and the delightful charm with which Mrs. Henschel sang songs by Mendelssohn, Franz, and Arthur Hervey.

Miss Meredyth Elliott provided her patrons with a more than usually numerous company of artists at her concert at St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening last, no less than twelve performers appearing in addition to the help given by 250 members of Mr. William Carter's Choir. Miss Elliott's most successful contributions were Goring Thomas's "A Summer Night"—the violoncello obbligato of which was tastefully played by Miss Mabel Chaplin—and "By the banks of Allan Water," in encore to the former song. In both of these, as in several other songs, Miss Elliott's pleasing and well trained voice was used with great artistic skill. Madame Clara Samuëll sang "Ye Nymphs and Shepherds" in her usual finished style, and Miss Margaret Hoare displayed a soprano voice of pure quality in Gounod's "Ave Maria," the violin obbligato being artistically played by Miss Kate Chaplin. Mr. Charles Banks was reported to have met with an accident which prevented his appearance, but his place was adequately filled by Mr. Edwin Haughton, who was encored for a dramatic rendering of "She walks in Queen-like grace," by Balfe. Signor Foli sang "I'm a Roamer" with his accustomed vigour and success, and Mr. Andrew Black contributed the Toreador song from "Carmen." Mention should also be made of an intelligent performance of Schumann's Fantasiestücke by the clever Miss Chaplins; of the neat pianoforte playing of Miss Maud Haldom in a "Romance" by Rubinstein and Mendelssohn's "Spinning song;" and the effective and finished singing of "The Rowan Tree" by Mr. W. Carter's choir. Miss Rose Lamb Kenney recited "The dandy Fifth," by P. H. Cassaway, and Mr. Sidney Naylor was an efficient conductor.

Mr. Franz Rummel made his reappearance amongst us on Wednesday afternoon in the Steinway Hall, when the method in which he executed a programme which included Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Beethoven's A flat sonata, Op. 110, showed that he had lost little, if any, of those peculiarities which go far to mar his best efforts. No one wishes to deny him the possession of considerable talent; his memory and his technique are good, and at times he can be tender and light. But too often he is so violent and spasmodic that these gifts are utterly obscured; and he seems incapable of regarding any work from other than the most advanced standpoint. Thus his reading of the Chromatic Fantasia was full of modern expression marked by violent contrasts and *rubato* which would have been in place only in a composition of the present generation. The same features were observable in the Sonata, and seemed to prove conclusively that Mr. Rummel has not the power of preserving a special atmosphere round each piece. Chopin's Impromptu was taken at too fast a pace to allow its beauties full revelation; but the Etude No. 7 fared much better, as did also the Polonaise in A flat, though here also too much realism was apparent. Bülow's "La Canzonatura" was so charmingly played that we could but suppose that Mr. Rummel could control himself more fully "an' he would."

Miss Emelie Lewis gave a concert in the Steinway Hall on Monday evening, when she was announced to have the assistance of Mdlle. Marie

de Lido, Mr. Hirwen Jones, Mdlle. Dinelli, and other artists. As tickets reached us only on the morning of the day on which the concert took place we were unable to be present.

At Princes' Hall on Thursday Miss Synge gave a morning concert, at which she played, among other pieces, three pleasing and tuneful compositions of her own, called "Drei Tonbilder." She also joined Mr. Charles E. Stephens in the performance of his melodious and interesting "Second Duo Concertante" for two pianos. Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Alice Fairman, and Mr. Plunket Greene obtained much applause for their expressive and effective singing; and solos on the harp, violin, and 'cello were respectively contributed by Miss Ida Audain, Mr. Felix Berber, and Mons. Ernest Gillet. Mrs. Aylmer Gowing gave a very pathetic recital.

Messrs. William Nicholl, Arthur Oswald, and Frederic King—who are three-fourths of the Euterpe Quartet—were "At Home" to 600 or 700 of their friends at the Lyric Club on Friday afternoon of last week. How popular are these gentlemen both in society and amongst their professional *confrères* was shown by the "smart" crowd then assembled and the number and rank of the artists who helped to entertain the guests. The list is too long for full quotation, but we may say that Miss Marguerite Hall, Miss Lucille Saunders, Mme. Belle Cole, Mr. Normand Salmond, and Mr. Templer Saxe were amongst those who sang; while Miss Sylvia Grey and Mrs. Wm. Greet appeared in Miss Minnie Bell's charming little comedietta, "The Gavotte."

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PROVINCIAL.

BIRMINGHAM, MAY 5.—The Birmingham Amateur Opera Society gave a performance of Sullivan's "Patience" at the Edgbaston Assembly Rooms, which was largely attended by the elite of Birmingham society. The excellent work done for several seasons past by Mr. Cortes Perera, the hon. musical conductor, has this year been taken up by Mr. W. H. Priestley. Mr. Cortes Perera having removed to London, no expense, and certainly no trouble, had been spared on the part of the committee, the artists, and the conductor to give as perfect an account of Gilbert and Sullivan's delightful "æsthetic" opera as could reasonably be expected from amateurs. We must frankly admit they succeeded beyond expectation, and reached a standard which might be imitated with advantage by many a travelling opera company. The orchestra, however, consisted of our leading professional players, and it will therefore readily be believed that the accompaniments were given with admirable light and shade, and that

Mr. Priestley—himself an old and experienced viola player—conducted as if to the manner born. A most interesting gathering took place on Saturday evening at the Great Western Hotel on the occasion of the annual *conversations* of the Birmingham and Midland Musical Guild. The principal feature was a performance of new compositions by members of the Guild, namely, a *Suite moderne* for pianoforte by Eustace J. Breakspeare, a romance for violin by F. Ward, a violoncello and piano sonata by W. Sewell, A.R.A.M., and a part song by I. D. Davis, a former pupil of the Brussels Conservatoire. The part song was rendered by a select choir, conducted by Mr. S. S. Stratton. The North Midland section of the National Society of Professional Musicians will hold their May meeting in Birmingham. Mr. Oscar Pollack has been elected chairman for the occasion. Circulars have been issued to professional brethren not members of the society, inviting them to meet the members for a social and musical evening, which will take place immediately on conclusion of the ordinary business. A very large attendance is expected.

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